857 The young Mossi, like children in our own country, like to play.
524 Babies have bone hatchets on which they chew; little girls have wooden dolls, and on important feast days they hand them out graciously with a curtsy; whoever takes the doll must give the child a few cowries when he returns it. The boys mold horses, saddles, and horsemen in clay and draw figures in the dust with their fingers, just as we at the same age used to make mud pies and draw funny figures in the margins of our spelling books. Of course, all this is done rather crudely, but it shows that human beings are the same and have similar tastes all over the earth.

857 All children like noise, and the Mossi are no exception. When
534 the stalks of millet are still green, they fashion a kind of harmonica with a vibrating tongue made of a piece of millet stem tied with a thread; or they cut a millet stalk in two and hollow it out, leaving a mere slat which vibrates under the repeated blows of a stick. The sound is augmented by a broken gourd that serves as resonator. These are expendable toys which are thrown away the following day when they have dried out, but it is so easy to make more! The children
857 also make straw rings which are usually worn around the wrist as
524 bracelets, but which may also be used in a game. They are placed on the ground before the players who take turns rolling one of the little hoops. If the ring falls on that of another child, the player who propelled it wins the hoop; if it falls at a certain distance, it is won by the opponent; and if it rolls past that distance, the throw must be repeated.

524 The older boys and the men have more complicated games. They have a kind of checkers; the board is formed by making small holes /in the ground/ by hand, and the pawns are represented by stones. Above all, they have the cowry game, a game of chance,
525 a game of winnings and losses, and like every gamble involving money, a thrilling game. Those who take to it go as far as their European counterparts. They become cheaters, liars, thieves, and indebted. Some have gambled away everything up to their last pair of trousers, their last breechcloth, and have ended up gambling themselves away. This game should be forbidden as strictly as our own games of chance.

535 The game of games, the pastime of pastimes, that which is resorted to on every occasion, happy or sad, and sometimes without any special reason, is the dance. If the Mossi happened to know her, the muse Terpsichore would have no more devoted followers. No man, woman, or child can remain still when dance music fills the air.